

Page 20

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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

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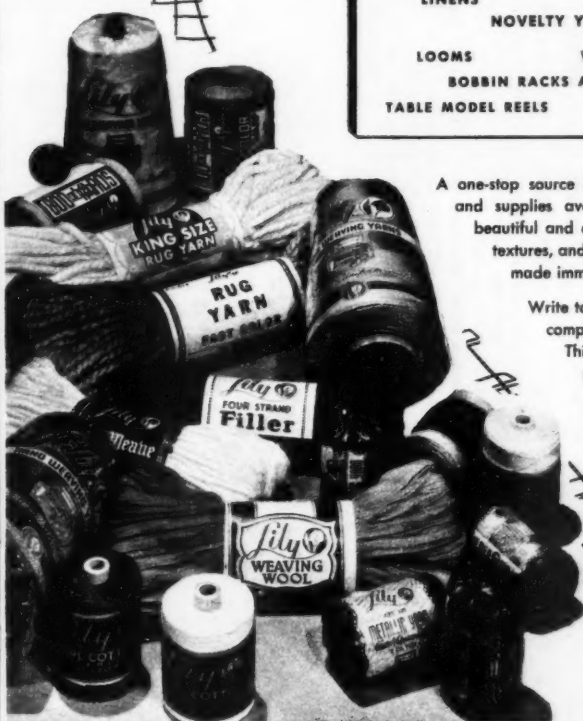
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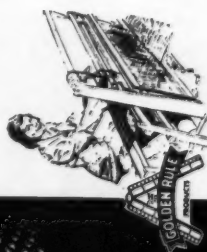
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A Living Heritage...

The Council of Southern Mountain Workers is not a sales agency, but it does distribute material dealing with the authentic folk traditions of the Southern Appalachians. The following publications are now available from the Council office, and all of them help to properly interpret our region. All items are shipped postpaid.

- I BOUGHT ME A DOG, A Dozen Authentic Folktales from the Southern Mountains. Collected by Leonard Roberts 50¢
- CIRCLE LEFT, Play-party and Singing Games collected in the Kentucky Mountains by Marion Holcomb Skean 50¢
- SONGS OF ALL TIME, Sixty-eight Favorite Folk Songs that are excellent for group singing. Pocket size 25¢
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- THE SWAPPING SONG BOOK, by Jean Ritchie, photographs by George Pickow \$3.15
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WILDERNESS ROAD, A SUCCESSFUL MOUNTAIN DRAMA

((Ruby C. Ball))

At last a dramatic story has come out of the mountains that is worthy of the people it portrays. This time the plain truth has triumphed...simplicity created a smash hit with the public. Paul Green's *WILDERNESS ROAD* is an excellent statement of the dignity of mountain man. It strikes the sensitive eye and ear "just right." It is truly a "parable for modern times."

PULITZER PRIZE WINNER, PAUL GREEN, has done it again! This time it is *WILDERNESS ROAD*, his latest outdoor drama that played to over fifty thousand people in its first season.

Acted on Berea's Indian Fort Theater, *WILDERNESS ROAD* ignores easy recipes for dramatic success. It uses no word of profanity; it has no Indians in its cast, and it does not exploit the sex theme. Yet, it has become a smash hit showing promise of overtaking all other outdoor dramas in the hearts of the American public.

Many performances of *WILDERNESS ROAD* ended with eighteen hundred people seated comfortably in the theater's aluminum and plastic chairs, with an additional two hundred sitting on the stone walls and rail fences—and with another three or four hundred unable to get tickets at all. Obviously there must be a reason, and it must go beyond the fact that Mr. Green is a pioneer in symphonic drama. What is *WILDERNESS ROAD* about? And what is Paul Green's rare gift of simultaneously delighting the senses and stirring the soul?

The story is relatively simple. John Freeman, a young mountain man, has just returned from college to his native Kentucky hills. John Freeman loves Kentucky. Wanting education for his neighbor's children, he starts a school for them. Having lost his father in a mountain feud, he commits himself to a lifelong search for something better than a gun with which to settle differences. ("There must be something in this darkness men can guide by, something steady and true, like the star above the mountains.") Loving peace, he watches his brother Davie go off to join the Confederate army, while his friend and pupil Neill Sims loses a leg as a private in the Union army.

Stirred by Civil War unrest, John's neighbors mask them-

selves as marauders, destroy his school and burn his books. Even his girl, Elsie Sims, torn by loyalty to him, Davie, and her southern family, fails to understand John.

Eventually John, in an agony of indecision, comes to the final dark moment when he must choose between the gun and the Bible. He resolves that if what he believes is worth fighting for, it is worth giving his life for. He joins the Union forces and is killed in battle; and dying, falls among the enemy troops into Davie's arms. His funeral brings together his divided neighbors who find in his character and theirs the only real triumph of the Civil War. They promise to rebuild his school. His work will be carried on by visionary young Neill Sims.

The title, *WILDERNESS ROAD*, is used symbolically. It does not connote a pioneer and Indian story. Instead, the playgoer travels a wilderness road of the spirit which becomes at once a personal and a national experience. Paul Green believes that there will always be wilderness roads for people, states, and nations.

WILDERNESS ROAD might well have been a play about Berea College and its colorful history. It isn't. It might well, in lesser hands than Paul Green's, have recited the virtues of the mountain people. It doesn't. It gives reality and beauty to them. And as



"Make the basket, circle to the left!" cries Uncle Eph (Frank Smith) as he keeps the dancing going in the second scene of *WILDERNESS ROAD*.

final evidence of Mr. Green's and Berea College's belief in the talents of the southern mountaineer, *WILDERNESS ROAD* is produced with a native cast.

Perhaps this explains Mr. Green's choice of this theme. The story is a compelling one, and it fits no setting except Kentucky. Kentucky is indeed rich dramatic territory, and Mr. Green, Director Sam Selden, and a gifted staff have made the most of it. Nowhere have the various symphonic elements been better assembled for the delight of the American public. Nowhere has there been a more powerful statement of the brotherhood of man which transcends racial differences and heals scars—even though they be a hundred years old. ####

"This is the purtiest country in all the world," John Freeman (Bedford Thurman) tells Elsie Sims, played by Gwen Lanier. John has returned to his native hills with great plans for a school. But already the shadows of Civil War have darkened over the land and John is to be caught in the violence that ripped Kentucky apart, dividing family against family.



THANKS!

*If You Were Among The
50,000*

Who Saw and Enjoyed Paul Green's Newest Hit

WILDERNESS ROAD

"American drama reached for and found a new dimension
...the touring American public...will be moved by it....
'Wilderness Road' is first rate...exciting to the eye and
ear...the singing is rich and right...the dances make one
wish for more." *New York Herald Tribune*

ANNOUNCING
The Second Season



PAUL GREEN
Author



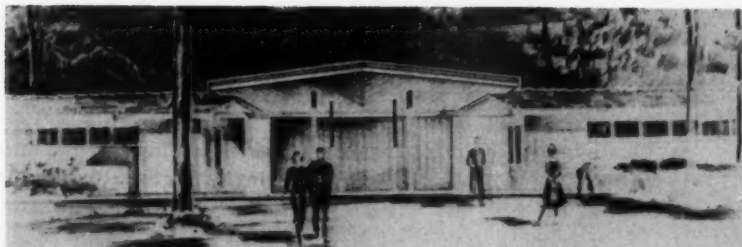
SAM SELDEN
Director

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and
AUGUST

1956

Nightly except Sundays
Sixty Performances
CAST OF 100

1956



Indian Fort Theatre in the Berea College Forest

MEET JIM WOLF-

NEW COUNCIL

RECREATOR

The latest in a long line of recreational leaders who have opened up new areas of wholesome play to mountain young people, JIM WOLF is a capable and personable young man you ought to know and use in your community.

JIM WOLF loves to travel, and he's going to do plenty of it during the next year, for he has just been selected as the Itinerant Recreator for the Council. This means that he will



be providing recreational leadership training for dozens of communities in the Southern Mountains during the coming months.

The new recreational leader spent the summer of 1953 hitchhiking throughout the whole U. S. , including the Appalachian region. He went all the way to the west coast, and as far south as Mexico. He started out with only \$13. 00 in his pocket, but by working along the way he was able to see the whole country.

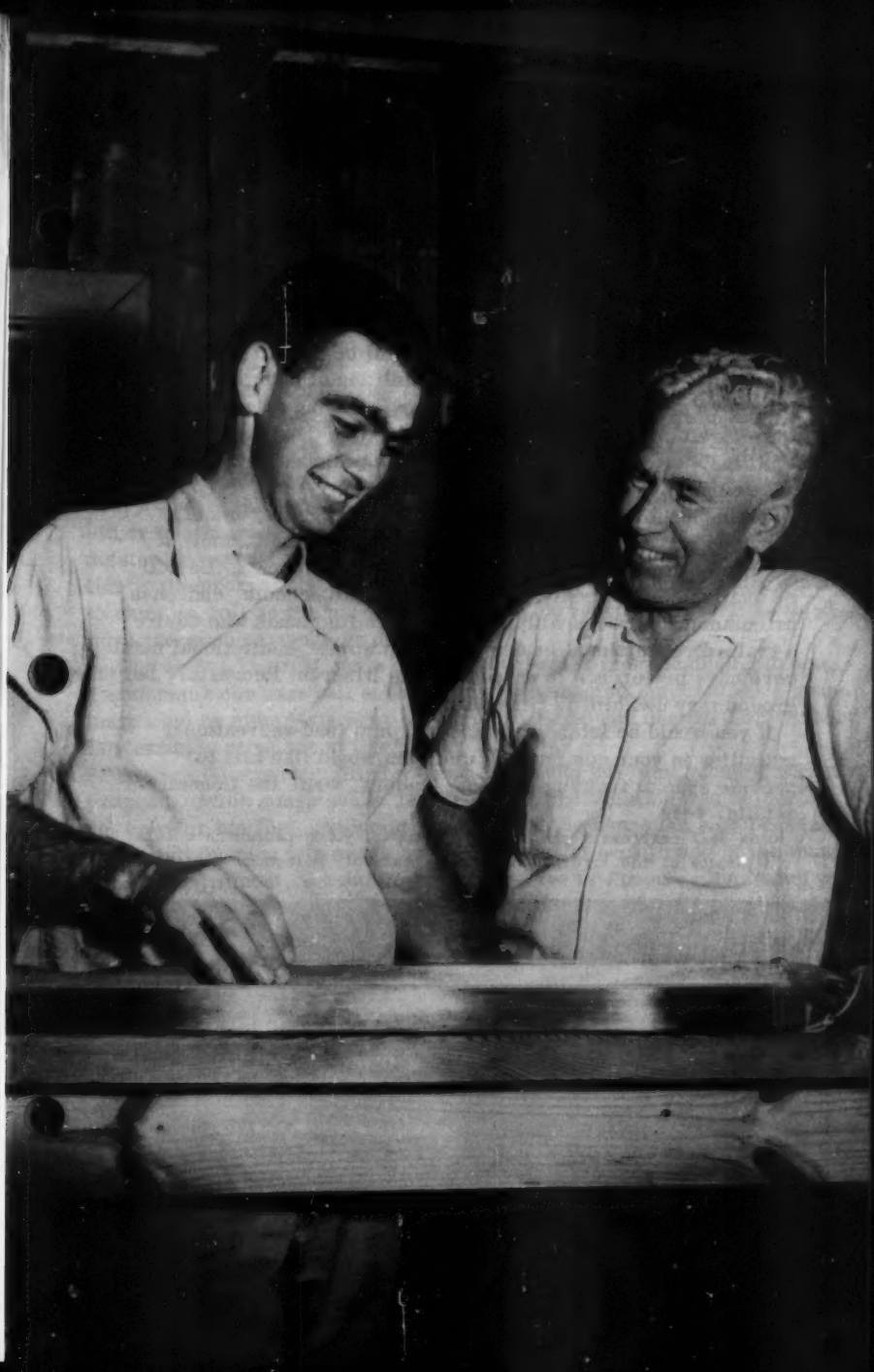
On this trip he fell in love with the Southern Highlands and decided that he wanted to come south to work.

A graduate of Syracuse University, Jim has had group work experience in the Henry Street Settlement, N. Y. , with the YMCA, Seattle, Washington, and in the Dunbar Neighborhood Center, Syracuse, N. Y. He is particularly interested in the folk arts, and has visited in several of the mountain centers where the folk dancing and singing are still a part of the living tradition.

In writing about the place of the recreational leader in our society, James has said:

"I believe that the most important activity of any human being is his relationship with other human beings, whether in work or

WOLF (L.) STRUMS A DULCIMER WHILE P.F. AYER LOOKS ON



play, or just every day living. To be able to establish a positive, constructive relationship with others is, I believe, to establish a positive, constructive relationship with life itself. Recreation and education seem to be two of the primary means by which these ends may be achieved.

Recreation is an intrinsic part of education in that it allows us to develop our potential as human beings. Education should bring to people an awareness of their natural resources, both human and physical, with which they will be able to gain more from life. This means the natural abilities of being able to move, therefore to skip or to run or to dance; of being able to talk, therefore to dramatize or to sing. Although these are natural abilities, they must be encouraged and developed to a point where they are meaningful and constructive."

James has already begun his work in the region, and his services may be obtained through the office of the Council of the Southern Mountains, Box 2000, Berea, Kentucky. He will be available on a weekly or monthly basis to schools, churches, or community groups within the Southern Highlands who desire a trained recreational leader for group work. Institutional members have preference in scheduling the Itinerant Recreator, but other groups may use him as time permits.

If you would be interested in having him lead recreational activities in your community, or if you would like him to provide special training for local leaders, write the Council for details. ####

James Wolf (extreme right) leads a group of young people in a folk dance at the Virginia Highlands Festival, Abingdon, Virginia.



ART IS FUN AT VIRGINIA FESTIVAL

(((((JAMES WOLF)))))

15

Craftsmen in the Southern Highlands have long been noted for the artistic merit of their products, and the folk arts have flourished throughout the mountain region.

Recently, however, appreciation of new art forms has spread widely throughout the Highlands, and one of the centers of this development is the Festival of the Arts at Abingdon, Virginia. Our new Council Recreator had a part in the program this year, and he sent us the following report about this event.

"A FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS" is certainly a true description of the Virginia Highlands Festival held at Abingdon, August 1-15. Almost every area of the arts was touched upon to some degree during the time either in lectures, demonstrations, exhibitions, or concerts. One of the outstanding attributes of the Festival was the amount of active participation in the program by those who came to see it. Visitors had a chance to paint as well as to look at paintings, to carve woods as well as to admire the wood carvings on display.

The entire Festival had a glow of joy about it from beginning to end. The opening costume ball at the Martha Washington Inn featured a grand march led by ninety-six year old Mrs. Ballance and her partner, Robert Porterfield, producer at the Barter Theatre.

Andrew Summers thrilled a large crowd the following evening with a program of folk songs at the Theatre. His presentation was enjoyable not only for his fine, authentic rendering of the songs but also because of his enlightening comments on the history and background of the music and his instrument, the dulcimer. There are few people alive today who play and sing folk music with the true sensitivity and understanding that Mr. Summers displays.

Another presentation of unusual excellence in the area of music was that of Mr. Ludwik Sikorski, of nearby Emory and Henry College. The musical artistry of both Mr. Sikorski and his wife was amply proved by the concert given at the college on the final Sunday of the Festival.

The graphic and plastic arts were well represented in the exhibits of painting and wood sculpture supervised by Miss Audrey Nunn and Mr. Emilan. There was also a most attractive exhibit of design set up by the home demonstration clubs of Washington County under the direction of Miss Mary Hunt. There was an immediate sense of good modern design felt as you entered the exhibit room. In pleasing contrast was the collection of early furniture, utensils, guns, and other antiques at the Martha Washington Inn.

There was ample opportunity for discussion of the arts at the various panels and readings held throughout the two-week period. Miss Sara Joyner, State Supervisor of Art Instruction, co-ordinated the Television

Workshop Series, which materialized in the production of an original story. Mrs. Edith Lindeman and Mr. Guthrie McClintic, critic and producer respectively, were guest speakers at highly stimulating panel discussions on drama, co-ordinated with the workshop series.

And interestingly enough, the poetry hour presented by Miss Nancy Byrd Turner was one of the most well attended events of the Festival.

As Itinerant Recreator, I was primarily concerned with recreation, the extent and scope of which was outlined most satisfactorily at a panel discussion one Thursday morning. Mr. Jess Ogden of the Bureau of Community Services, University of Virginia, expressed it this way: "Let it be that you have life and have it more abundantly." Mr. Ogden pointed out that in the world today we must develop values within new patterns; the answers of the past are not adequate for new problems. In fact, today it is direction, not answers, that we must live and grow by.

Miss Christine Coffey of the extension division of the Virginia State Library in Richmond discussed the values that are developed through recreation. Cultural recreation is just as important as the physical sports and activities, Miss Coffey said. In either case, only the best should be offered if intelligent growth of mind and body is to result. Miss Fay Moorman expressed her philosophy in discussing recreation for the individual. She stated that it is a matter of the soul, that all aspects of an individual are important, mental, spiritual, social and physical. She defined recreation as the activity that "refreshes your soul"—as "the all of gladness."

After such an inspiring discussion of the values and philosophy of recreation, it seemed to me appropriate to seek out and discuss the means of bringing about these ideals, the practical application of the philosophy. As Itinerant Recreator it is my job to stimulate interest and assist in the development of recreational activity. Mr. T. C. Phillips, chairman of the Municipal Recreation Commission, presented to the group a picture of the facilities and activities in Abingdon. He also discussed some of the problems of the municipal program, such as a recreation program for teen-agers and older folks. It was decided that leadership must come from within the respective groups in need of recreation. Mr. Ogden said it this way: "We must have imagination enough to give the potential leaders a chance. Small areas will widen." This will occur, and will occur successfully, the group felt, when human beings, lay and professional, leaders and followers, develop a positive philosophy of belonging together. Surely only in this way will we have life and have it more abundantly!

The young folks in and around Abingdon certainly had a taste of the "more abundant life" during these two weeks. Every morning, Monday through Friday, upwards of thirty smaller children sang and played folk games at Central School. In the afternoon, the summer arts and crafts group under the direction of Mrs. J. D. Hopkins took part in folk games and songs also. At 4:30 each afternoon there were folk games for teen-agers (a good many little ones came around also!) on the lawn of the Martha Washington Inn. I also directed the same activity program at



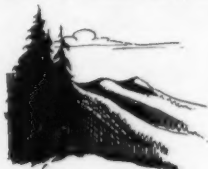
Kings Mountain School for colored children and teen-agers on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. Miss Anne Keys gave several exciting and enjoyable puppet shows at both schools and also held puppet-making classes. For each of her presentations she had the children assist her behind the stage handling Jack and the Giant or the three bears.

We attempted to use material that the children could continue with by themselves without music. We played many singing games such as Shoo-fly, Turn the Glasses Over, Bingo, Skip to M'Lou, and Pick a Bale of Cotton as well as Seven Jumps and Gustav's Skoal, which the children have renamed "Under the Arches" and do without accompaniment. I shall never forget the morning when I asked the group if they knew how to play Bingo. One little boy replied yes, and that he had won a package of jelly beans because he had the right numbers on his bingo card. . . and then we all joined hands in a circle singing, "There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name. . ."

Another unforgettable experience was the evening at Kings Mountain School when the teen-agers had learned the square dances, Cumberland Square Eight and Texas Star. It was about time for me to leave. I had put the records away and was talking to Mrs. Oscar Brown, when I turned and discovered the teen-agers doing first Cumberland Square and then Texas Star without the records, calling the figures themselves!

The last event of the Festival was a gathering of all the children and teen-agers from the Central School and the Kings Mountain groups on the lawn of the Martha Washington Inn. As their parents and grandparents joined in from the sidelines, the children sang and played together. Over seventy-five voices echoed throughout the area the words to Skip to M' Lou, and Mister Rabbit, the Barnyard Song, and the Old Woman that Swallowed the Fly. Many of the children had handkerchief puppets of

Mr. Rabbit "hopping" around as they sang this song. Mrs. Phillips served punch to the entire group. Over a hundred cups were served. But more important than numbers, it seems to me, is the fact that people, children and adults, were together because they all had something to enjoy together; they chose to dance and to sing as one group. I am sure the "all of gladness" was with each and every individual. ###



The Cover

THE FACE of Henry Jenkins tells his story. In his moderate smile and curious eyes is the warmth and grace of a friendly hearth...the soft glow of mountains at sunrise...and the sad remembrance of occasional hard times. These hands have gripped the plow, the rake and the hoe, and have led the cow home at evening. These hands have cut corn and tossed hay to dry... and welcomed neighbors past the gate to sit and talk awhile.

Mr. Jenkins was born in the Kentucky hill country. Always a worker with his hands, he has been with the Berea College Dairy since 1946. He has four living children, and, as he says, "many grandchildren."

The photographer, Billy Edd Wheeler, caught Mr. Jenkins as he stood in the barn's big doorway at seven A.M. Wheeler calls his picture simply, "A Good Man."

Smokey Says:



The tragic toll of carelessness!



SKILL OF HANDS is one of the most precious assets of the Southern Highlands worker. These hands, carving a broom handle, belong to Bennett Hall, who lives near Pine Mountain, Kentucky. Mr. Bennett's brooms received one of the first awards for excellence given by the Craftsman's Fair two years ago. In the true craft tradition, he and his wife carry through the whole broommaking process from growing the broomcorn to polishing the handle. #####

ANY COLOR, ANY CREED...

((Gerald Griffin))

Those who are worried about integration in the South might well ponder this heartwarming story of a Negro dentist and his wife. With a mixed staff, they have opened a hospital in the mountains of Kentucky that accepts patients of all races.



THE WALKING DENTIST isn't walking very far any more. He rides in a big car.

And whereas he went for a long time without an office, he has one now. He isn't overworked any more, either, for he has an assistant. Not only that, but he owns a complete, modern hospital of 60 beds. His wife, co-owner of the hospital, is its superintendent.

This is a story about the Bostons—Dr. Alex V. Boston, the one-time walking dentist, and his wife, a kindly, motherly woman. They live and work at Virgie, a little mining town strung out along the banks of Shelby Creek in a valley shaded most of the day by steep, wooded mountains.

Virgie, population about 550, is in Pike County, some 18 miles due south of the county seat, Pikeville, on U. S. Highway 23 and a whistle stop on a branch line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. It is not an incorporated town, although its consolidated school boasts more than 1,100 pupils.

Virgie, named for Virgie Ratliff, daughter of a pioneer settler on Shelby Creek, is proud of the Bostons. It is prouder still of its Community Memorial Hospital, which makes no distinction regarding race, color or creed, not even politics.

Pioneers came to the Shelby valley even before Daniel Boone blazed his Wilderness Trail to the Bluegrass region. Probably the first was old Nathaniel Johnson, who built his cabin on Shelby in 1765, when the area was part of the Colony of Virginia, and marauding Iroquois, Shawnees or Cherokees were nonchalant about lifting the scalp of any white settler.

There's still a Cherokee in the neighborhood, but he isn't on the warpath and he doesn't wear feathers in his hair. Usually he is armed with nothing more deadly than a stethoscope.

Old Nathaniel, who died at what is now Virgie in the year 1783, nine years before Kentucky became a state, is buried in the vicinity

of Virgie. One of his descendants, former State Senator Charles F. Trivette, his great-great-great-grandson, still lives there.

The Bostons are comparative newcomers, settling at Virgie in 1929.

The late Judge Alex Ratliff, twice chief justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was born and raised in Virgie. He died in 1944.

Most of the people who live in Virgie are coal miners. There are some little mines in the immediate vicinity, but most of the miners work in the big plants at Wheelwright, 11 miles away; Weeksbury, 12 miles from Virgie, and Jenkins, 18 miles up Highway 23.

Once Virgie was a captive town. The town was owned by the Utilities Elkhorn Coal Company until eight years ago when the company put it up for sale. The Bostons bid on its 53 houses but they couldn't meet the offer made by Senator Trivette, who bought the whole village, except a few business houses. Now most of these houses are owned by the miners who live in them.

Virgie people have a high regard for the Bostons, who own not only the hospital, their modest home and little frame office building in Virgie, but a vast citrus and vegetable farm in Florida, besides properties in Louisville and Nashville.

They are not interested in acquiring any more properties. They have all they want. Neither do they want to leave Virgie. They like that little mountain town and its people, their friends.

Like many other communities in the eastern hills of Kentucky, Virgie is peopled mostly with Anglo-Saxon stock.

A native of Oviedo, Fla., Boston first visited the Virgie Community in 1918 while he still was in the Army. He was struck by the need of the people in that area for medical and dental care and for hospital facilities. He decided to return there after fulfilling his ambition of becoming a dentist.

Six years later the young dentist, with degrees from Florida State College, Walden University and Meharry Dental College of Nashville, returned to Pike County. He was accompanied by his wife, a registered nurse, who had a degree from the University of Nashville. They set up housekeeping on Caney Creek.

They didn't have an automobile. They didn't have much of anything tangible. But they had ambition and the vision of a hospital for the people of Shelby Creek.

In those days Pikeville had the nearest hospital, and there were only a few doctors and dentists in the more remote areas of the county. Midwives did a flourishing business.

Dr. Boston became a traveling dentist, on foot, through the mountains, not only of Kentucky but also of Southeastern Virginia. His wife officiated at a lot of births, and her aid was appreciated because of her advanced nursing technique. By necessity, Dr. Boston did more than dental work. He patched up broken bones and bullet wounds when no physician was available. He had to carry dental equipment and first-aid supplies on his back.

Most of the Bostons' patients were poor. Money was hard to come by. But still they kept on dreaming of their hospital and they wouldn't give up.

People not made of sterner stuff would have quit, but not the Bostons.

Often they were paid in eggs or vegetables or livestock. Once they had a herd of 260 cattle which they had taken in lieu of payment. Often they took promises of labor or building material in return for filling teeth or bringing babies, payable when they started their hospital.

While Dr. Boston was walking up the creeks and over steep mountain trails taking care of his patients, his wife was kept busy at home with her nursing work and taking care of their own two children and the two they adopted.

Both of the Bostons came by their professions naturally. His grandfather was a surgeon. Her grandfather was a doctor, and her mother was a registered nurse.

Their son, in the Air Corps in World War II, lacks only a few hours of earning his degree in civil engineering. Their daughter is a college graduate. Their son-in-law is a dentist. He does most of the work in the dental office, Dr. Boston candidly admits, now that he is just a little tired out.

Their dream has come true. The Virgie hospital is a reality. They own it, lock, stock and barrel. The hospital has a working agreement with the United Mine Workers of America, in connection with its welfare fund. Its 60 beds are full of patients, with no color line drawn.

The hospital, which recently observed its second anniversary, is a two-story brick and concrete block structure, equipped with an operating room and an X-ray section. It has 26 employees, four of whom are Negroes. It has three white nurses and three colored nurses. It has patients from Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia. It has a staff of six doctors.

They are Dr. M. K. Mantooth, chief of staff, and his assistant, Dr. M. R. Batchelor; Dr. Francis Hodges, welfare consultant;

Dr. Charles Rutledge, chief surgeon; Dr. Ernest Scraggs, surgeon, and Dr. S. E. Bessinger.

Now to skip back a few hundred words where some mention was made of a Cherokee, sans tomahawk but flourishing a stethoscope. He holds forth at the Virgie hospital. That handsome brave is Dr. Mantooth, one of old Chief Oconastota's boys from East Tennessee.

But this story was supposed to be about the Bostons, who are so highly regarded up on Shelby Creek. They own the hospital in an Anglo-Saxon community. He is the only dentist for miles around, excepting his son-in-law assistant, and they have all the practice they can take care of. The Bostons, the only Negro family living in Virgie proper, are nice, friendly, courteous folks. #####



ADULT FOLK FESTIVAL

The annual meeting of the Adult Section of the Mountain Folk Festival will be held this year, September 30-October 1-2, at Levi Jackson State Park, London, Kentucky.

Those who are of college age and over, and who are interested in the use and preservation of folk material, and in the fun of non-competitive recreation are invited.

The program will include dances and songs that are old favorites, including enough of the simple ones to bring in the new groups. Also, entirely new material will be introduced. There will be time for informal singing and stories around the fireplace.

Informality will be in order. Cabins are furnished with cots, and mattresses and pillows, dormitory style. Bed linens, towels, and warm blankets will need to be brought by Festival members themselves. Costs will be low, and will include a registration fee of \$1.00. The charge for park facilities, including room, will be 50¢ per day, per person.

Mr. Frank Smith is chairman of the Festival Committee, and Miss Charity Omingore, Box 2012, College Station, Berea, Kentucky, is secretary-treasurer. #####

"MY NERVES ARE BUSTED"



MALCOLM ARMY

THE PROBLEMS OF EMOTIONAL STRESS in the face of changing social conditions in our nation can be seen in miniature among the people of the Southern Mountain Region. Changing patterns within the region are causing their share of difficulties here as they are everywhere in America. Unfortunately, very little study has been made in this particular field of public health in the mountain area, but one small group of miners has recently come under study. This group was given psychiatric study and treatment under the medical program of the United Mine Workers.

It should be noted that this study was made among the miners only because they were fortunate enough to have the service available. Other groups of workers would undoubtedly have benefitted from a similar service had it been possible for them to have it.

The study revealed that particularly among miners in the older age group, there is such a uniform pattern of personality disturbance as almost to be recognized as a "miner's syndrome."

Before taking up specific symptoms and types of responses, it is important in trying to understand the psychiatric problems of these men to recognize the cultural, geographical, and social background of which they are a part.

The southern mountain coal fields were settled largely after 1800 by people of predominately English and Scotch extraction. They were independent yeomen who developed self-sufficient farms along the river bottoms between the high, rugged ridges. Their large families populated the whole area in almost spectacular numbers. With most descendants remaining close at home, the society became a familistic one. The most important unit was the conjugal family, and the family was closer to the patriarchal pattern than the American family in general. Relationships were unusually close.

Mental health studies are rare in the Southern Highlands, but the UMW was recently able to study approximately 100 miners in need of psychiatric help.

It should be emphasized that this study does NOT indicate that the miners are a special problem, or that any large group of them are in special need of psychiatric help. Only a small number of individuals are reported on in the following study, and the statements here apply to them only.



Family unity and backing made the mountaineer feel no need of outside help or interference. Politically, he was independent, defensive, and resistant to the expansion of the government.

Because of quick exhaustion of the land, there was a rather common low standard of living which tended to erase differences between individuals.

A tremendous amount of hostility was evidenced in quarreling, bickering and malicious gossip, as well as in actual physical combat. It may be that the strong familism helped produce this, since the need for repressing hostile impulses toward members of one's family and family group resulted in displacement of aggression towards people outside of the group.

By 1910 the pioneer system of agriculture had taken up all the available land in the coal belt, and it rapidly gave way to the exploitation of coal, largely directed by eastern interests.

Mining camps and villages sprouted in all the valleys, and the farmers flocked to them. Gradually the family lost its status as the basis of society; instead the mining company or the coal operator guided the individual's destiny. Company stores, where food could be obtained just for the charging, nearby cafes, schools, and churches all attracted the mountain people. The company took care of all their needs.

Once away from the land, the miner and his family lost ability

to support themselves outside the economy of the industrial system, and they became dependent on the coal industry and its fluctuations.

Social life underwent a complete change. The coal camp and its laws, rather than the family, became the center of the social structure. The law was the company deputy, and the family began to look to the law to settle problems rather than finding solutions themselves.

Resistance to giving up individualistic freedom was strong, of course, but any objective lack of cooperation was dealt with by the laws of the coal camp. Threat of discharge and eviction was enough to quiet any individualist. Group living was accepted as a necessity, but it unfortunately brought little sense of group responsibility with it.

The antagonism these individualistic mountaineers felt toward the restrictions imposed on them by the new industrial society was buried within them because the attractions of this economy outweighed its limitations. Occasional animosities erupted in drinking and shooting sprees, but the coal camp provided no opportunity to drain off hostilities by group action.

It was not until the 1930's that the miners realized how little they were getting, and so began to unionize. This drive brought with it the strife between operators and unions of 20 years ago, and resulted in a high crime and homicide rate, juvenile delinquency, coal camp slums, and retarded social progress.

The Great Depression fostered a breakdown of the paternalistic system, and the miners turned their allegiance to the union as their protector.

With this background in mind, it is important to note that certain common factors appeared time after time in the psychiatric study of the miners in the study in age range 40-55, in contrast to the 20-35 group.

Among the older men, there was a common pattern of neuroses usually associated with rural peoples. Symptoms fell into the hysterical pattern: fainting, partial paralysis, forgetfulness, amnesia.

These older men had usually started working in the mines while in their teens, frequently beginning by accompanying their fathers as helpers. Safety measures were primitive and working conditions poor. Hours were long, and the coal loading was done by men working knee deep in water or on all fours in cramped confined positions, never knowing when there would be a cave-in

or when a gas-filled mine would break into flames.

Besides the danger associated with daily work, there was ever-present insecurity created by strikes and frequent work stoppage from one cause or another.

Despite these factors, the most constant observation in the older age group was the complete inhibition of anxiety. Passivity and dependency were prominent.

The absence of expressed anxiety is generally a characteristic of the mountaineer in this area, particularly in the older generation. It is partially the result of the strong familism that existed in the past. Another factor, and perhaps more important in understanding this lack of anxiety, is the absence of the competitive spirit so prevalent in more urbanized areas. The mountaineer is not pervaded by ambition. He is in the same position as his neighbor, and each man tends to be resigned to his job without desire to change it.

A further reason for the lack of anxiety in the miners studied is the natural attitude towards sex. With large families reared in small homes, sex does not long remain a mystery.

All this means that the miner, by his pioneer heritage, was endowed to withstand anxiety, and a spirit of fearlessness and unconcern was highly prized in his society.

When such a man was thrown into the highly dangerous occupation of mining, he reacted with conversion mechanisms. Very few of the older men consciously acknowledged fear of their jobs. On the contrary, they claimed that they enjoyed the work and wouldn't want to do anything else. "Once a miner, always a miner," is a common refrain.

Their rationalizations to explain the illnesses which brought them to the psychiatrist ran to such explanations as: "Hard work has busted my nerves," "I've been in bad air too much," and "My nerves are shot." Despite the frequent bodily complaints, they did not fixate upon these as the cause of their illness, but on their "nerves." "Worn out nerves" explained their general inertia and weakness, their inability to do any bending, lifting, or physical exertion without getting faint, shaky, or "going to pieces."

An incidental observation was the premature appearance of old age, especially after 50. Cerebral and peripheral arteriosclerosis were common. This is characteristic of the mountaineer in general and may partially be explained by long years of hard physical labor, inadequate diet, dental caries, and unhygienic living conditions.

Many of the miners in their youth were wild characters who drank excessively, were involved in fights, avoided church, and were sexually promiscuous. On approaching middle age, this type of adjustment was dramatically changed in many cases. Bad habits would be given up, and the individual would often become religiously preoccupied and state that he had been "saved," which meant that he had gone through a highly charged emotional experience. At times this conversion could be traced to the miner's realization of the danger of his occupation and his own unpreparedness in case of death or injury. In at least one case a miner who had a great fear that a mine would blow up was able to go back and work in it for several years after he was "saved."

In the religious conversion, it was commonplace for the miner to see visions or to receive messages from the Lord. At least three miners in this group became ordained preachers after their conversion.

All who had been saved derived a great deal of satisfaction from their faith, and felt sure they would eventually be cured by divine intervention. Once converted, these men no longer felt hostility toward anyone, and regarded all as their brothers, despite the fact that in many cases circumstances were such that hostility might normally be expected.

The younger miners, in contrast to the group described above, exhibited a conscious awareness of anxiety and tension, similar to anxiety states seen in urban cultures. Somatic symptoms include such "ailments" as headaches, stomach trouble, and ulcers. Whereas the older group exhibited what we might term "country patterns," the younger generation followed "city sicknesses."

They have a definite fear of working in the mines, and this is reflected in psychosomatic symptoms, such as those named above. The expression of anxiety in the younger men may be due to their having outgrown their geographical isolation, owing to modern transportation, improved educational facilities equivalent to other areas in the state, and service in the armed forces during World War II.

In addition, they have been exposed to the disrupting influences in family life caused by the insecurities of the coal industry and have outgrown the strong familism, which served as an anxiety-inhibiting mechanism in the older generation.

The psychiatric screening program has been of great value in the evolving administration of the UMWA Welfare and Retirement

Fund, for injuries in mine accidents, both trivial and severe, were frequently followed by hysterical conversion symptoms, serving as a defense against returning to a dangerous job, as well as motivated by a desire for compensation and a pension. Patients are now subject to a much more rigorous screening than when the program first went into effect. #####

(((((The author is a former worker in the public health field in Harlan County, Kentucky.))))))

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GUILD ISSUES CRAFT MAP

The Southern Highland Handicraft Guild has issued a map that should be of great help to those interested in crafts. Called "A Handicraft Pilgrimage Through the Southern Highlands," the map contains a list of and information about each of the Guild members who is prepared to receive visitors. The publication also includes several pictures of craftsmen at work.

Copies of the map are generally available throughout the region in craft shops. They may also be ordered at 10¢ each from the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, 930 Tunnel Road, Asheville, North Carolina.

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A FORTNIGHT IN

BALLAD

COUNTRY

///KATHERINE JACKSON
FRENCH///

A REMARKABLE STORY BY ONE OF THE FIRST BALLAD COLLECTORS WHO CAME INTO THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS CONSCIOUSLY HUNTING THE FOLKSONGS THAT HAVE MADE THE REGION FAMOUS HAS JUST COME TO LIGHT AFTER BEING "LOST" FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.

IN 1909 KATHERINE JACKSON FRENCH LEFT LONDON, KENTUCKY, AND TRAVELED EAST INTO THE HEART OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY TAKING THREE DAYS BY WAGON OVER A ROUTE THAT CAN NOW BE DRIVEN BY CAR IN THREE HOURS. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE BALLADS SHE FOUND ON THAT TRIP.

THE PIONEER-TYPE covered wagon, loaded with merchandise, started from London at dawn. My companion, known to her neighbors as Lizane, a care-free widow of sixty, with unusual vitality, freely offered me her friendship and assistance. She was unlike many of the mountain women who are timidly apologetic of their fondness for songs, and often refuse to sing before a stranger.

The wagon was drawn by a team of three mules, with the driver mounted on one of them. He sat with his face casually turned toward us, listening and taking part in the conversation, until we met some other wagon or encountered some difficulty in the roadway, when he would face about and shout vociferously at the lazy animals.

In three days we drove the sixty miles to Lizane's home, where I was made very comfortable. Two mules were procured for our use in this search for ballads, and we set off upon them the following day. They knew the trails and were accustomed to mountain climbing.

Our first long trip was to "sister Marthy's," some fifteen miles back in the woods. We travelled the creek-bed, the only roadway in existence, I could see no sign of either house or garden, only the mountains, heavily freighted with magnificent trees.

Finally we entered an open space, where the hillsides were barren of large growth, and where a new, double log cabin was situated, recently built by the energetic boys of the family. Other marks of civilization were a cluster of shrubs shading the spring of water, a garden "patch" of vegetables, some flowers and vines, a few stray fowls, a "coon" dog, and the little crop of perhaps two acres of corn. Above and below this cleared area the trees again



grew tall, shutting in the home for Marthy, and her fatherless boys, and shutting out the world, of which they rarely heard. Even the indefatigable sun could only reach the struggling family after rising above the hilltops, thus giving rise to the expression, "as soon as the sun hits the bottom," meaning nine to ten o'clock.

They welcomed me heartily, and meant it. They were genuinely glad to see a different face, and to hear another voice, and after our simple supper of "poan" bread, fat bacon and coffee, we started the singing. Of course, the guest sang first, and obtained their confidence. After some persuasion, and assurance of friendship, the family "unlocked their word-hoard," and for two days we had a feast of song. Complimented to hear that I wished the words, as they knew them, they were glad to repeat them for me. I seemed to be removed from modern life, as Marthy swayed back and forth, in her low, straight chair, singing loudly and clearly.

I thought of Chaucer, and his dainty Prioress, who had repeated one lovely story from balladry; of Shakespeare and his Sir Toby, and Audrey, who knew and loved many, and Autolycus, the peddler, "who hawked ballads of all kinds and sizes, fit for all occasions;" for Beaumont and Fletcher, who had quoted this identical ballad in their Knight of the Burning Pestle, in 1611. I recalled Dryden and his early collection in 1723, and Allen Ramsay, who published his

Evergreen in 1724 — to buy which, Walter Scott "scraped together a few shillings, and read nothing half so often or with half the pleasure," and Bishop Percy, and his wanderings to obtain his monumental Reliques, 1765. These and others were my unseen companions, throughout the visit.

Constant repetition had brought about many changes to the ballads: omissions of seemingly less important lines and stanzas, verbal inaccuracies and confusion, substitution of phrases and titles for such as are not generally known to the singer, and a retention of the old word, though unintelligible, if there be not a simple exchange. In spite of many discrepancies, there was always the story, the freshness and the directness of which delighted the untrained mind. There were also the usual landmarks — rapidity, change from narrative to dialogue, alliteration, overflow, impure rhyme and assonance, many recurring phrases and epithets, frequent use of the numerals, three and seven, a barbaric profusion of silver and gold, and always simple thought, direct and distinct, with that emphasis that springs from the need of expressing in a few words, some deep passion.

This was the beginning of a marvelous fortnight, for no sooner had Marthy finished this romance of tragic sorrow, evidenced in the sympathetic plants growing out of their graves and entwining together, than Lizane expressed an eagerness to join her, and, together, the two sisters sang Lord Thomas. This ballad had especially thrilled Sir Walter Scott, when an old man in Scotland had sung it for him. Prof. Child thought it one of the most beautiful of all ballads, with a plot common to many lands, that of a faithful woman whose lord brings home a new bride, but who recovers his affection at the eleventh hour. The ballad had changed markedly in the years of transmission, but in the main, it had preserved the details as well as the story.

The two boys played upon their banjo, with force and decision expanding into rough jollity — that is, the one played upon the usual part of the instrument, and the other, squatting before him, used two steel knitting needles to strike upon the neck of the banjo, thus increasing the power. They did not play the airs which their mother sang, but the Jacobite airs to Prince Charlie, the Swapping Song of Jack Straw, Sourwood Mountain, and such tunes known locally as Hawk and Chicken, the Long Yeared Mule, Rosin and Bow, Nubbin Ridge, Forked Dyear — all of which were thought frivolous and unbecoming for women and girls. These boys also played and sang Callahan's Confession — a local example of the old Goodnights —

modelled, unconsciously, after McPherson's Farewell, or Lord Maxwell's Goodnight, which were composed, when existed the fashion of celebrating in historical song the burning of a house, or the murder of a foe, or the scene at the gallows when an outlaw sang his confession, urging his hearers to live rightly, and broke his fiddle across his knee if no one cared for it as a memorial before he was hanged.

Two days later, Lizane and I were invited to an all-day gathering, really designated as a "quilting-bee," when twelve women met to complete a bed-covering for one of the company. The wooden frame, containing the work, was suspended from the ceiling of the room by ropes, hung from nails driven into the rafters. The pattern of the quilt was called the "Sun-dial," in which the centers of each square were cut out of various colors of calico "scraps," and surrounded with "turkey red, bought from the store with some yaller root, dug out'n the mountain, and sot together with biled-out floursacks." The women arrived early, bringing their own thimbles, needles, chairs, and various gifts for the hostess. One had some fresh molasses, "for Lige had been a-ginnin' cane;" another churned early "fer to fetch some sour-milk to mek the bread;" Uncle Reub robbed his bees and sent some honey. A feeling of good cheer radiated the assembly; they were strikingly homogenous, breathing one unlettered atmosphere, one habit of thought and life, one measure of support, defense and sympathy. I found that few of these women knew any modern stories to relate to their children, but all of this company knew of men who had been frightened by the headless horse-man, and of men who had been visited by the white-footed deer, in which dwelt the "sperit" of the frightened man's ancestor, and which deer could only be killed by an enchanted bullet.

Furthermore, I found that a "ballet" to these women, meant what it did to their Elizabethan forebears, a written-down copy or a broadside of anything sung. I realized that day that to the women is the credit of this preservation due. When the older men sing, they rarely go beyond the 18th century hymns, or such lyrics as Annie Laurie, Ben Bolt, Blue Bells of Scotland, or Maid of Dundee. Occasionally, a man will sing the traditional ballads, but of the forty-four singers on this journey, thirty-one were women, and only thirteen men. The reason is apparent; the women in their constant intercourse with the children, come nearer the heart of the tales, and are keener in picturing the tragic situation and in sympathizing with the crying-out of the soul of the woman in the ballad. The mother's monotonous environment and condition of



life make the story seem both natural and true. In addition, she feels a loyalty to her own mother, to continue this unbroken line of song, for the accomplishment of her children, and the social pleasure to her family and their friends. Companies, such as this one, are expected to join in the refrains, which, however unintelligible and meaningless—as "Sing lay the lilly lo," or "Down by the greenwood side," or "Bow down, bow down," etc., are none the less emotional, expressive and communal. Their pronunciation of "ly" rhymed with "sky," as "early," or "surely." "Weapon" was called "weepon," favorite retained the long "i;" often the article "a" was emphatic as in the line "Betsy was a beauty fair," etc. Another impression of this day was the original intent of the word, ballad, the huc et illuc inclinare, vacillare, as the leader of the song swayed backward and forward in her low, straight chair, or as she walked, to and fro, in her spinning, expressing in her face the thought of the stanzas.

Many a ballad was sung wonderfully by the group, while the air was played by one of the women on her dulcimer. This instrument—not at all like the one so named today, with a large, flat board and many strings—is made of wood and shaped somewhat like a violin, only with two swells, and a short neck. It carries three wire strings, and is nearer the instrument mentioned by

Chaucer, as a rebec. The wire strings of the dulcimer, in vibrating longer than the guttural of the banjo, give a smooth, flowing sound, with a sort of weird, melancholy cadence, and the tenderness of a wind, wailing in a mountain cave. The airs to the long ballads, not intended for dancing, and different from the ditties, are expressive, tender, plaintive, sometimes cheerful, more often morose. The last note often falls gradually to the keynote at the end. Another peculiar feature, difficult to express in written music, is the long interval after each phrase—well calculated for recitation and for recovery of the breath. All exist in only one part, altho capable of exquisite harmonies. One good woman had brought "all her ballets" to show me. The papers, yellowed with age, and difficult to read, carried me in thought back to Shropshire, to Humphrey Pitt's home, in which Bishop Percy was being entertained, when the traditional maid lighted the traditional fire with a similar traditional bundle. My friend said a part of these had been given her by her grandmother, who had taken them down from her pioneer grandmother. Thus they had been hidden away, since the early colonization of Virginia, as these families had moved to Kentucky when it comprised a part of Virginia.

The singing at the quilting started with Barbara Ellen. The previous summer I had heard the school children in Great Britain sing it, after careful instruction. Here, in these backwoods, mothers and children sang it voluntarily and with great avidity, without any suggestion from the world. I could not censure Pepys, the diarist, from sitting up late into that January night of 1666, to sing with "Mrs. Knipps, the actress, the perfect little ballad of Barbara Allen." Also, I could agree with Goldsmith, that the music of the finest singer was dissonance compared with hearing his "dairy maid sing Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen." Almost invariably, these modern singers add the two verses about the entwining of the rose and the briar, which originally belong to Fair Margaret, Lord Thomas, Lord Lovel, etc. The hero's name is often changed to Sir Jeems Graham, or to sweet William, Johnnie or William Green. The crudest copy I received that day, had lines about "hick'ry buds a-swellin'," "sweat on him a-streamin'," "ricamember the tother day," "murty drinkin'," etc. This singer could neither read nor write, had never been to school for even a day, did not know the letters of the alphabet, nor the figures of calculation. She had never been off her creek, had never seen a train or an

automobile, and had as colorless an existence as one could well imagine! Yet I later heard it said that she sent five stalwart sons to the First World war, before the draft!

Another friend this day sang of Lord Lovel, who left his dear Lady Nancy Belle, "going for to see strange countries," but on hearing the bells of St. Pancras toll for her death, he, too, joined the procession and died next day of grief. This is extremely popular. In unison, the group sang the very familiar Lord Randall, in dialogue form, with many questions of his sickness and bequests, but with various endings, as "For I'm sick to the heart and would freely lie down," or "I have a pain in my heart and fain would lie down."

Another dialogue that the mothers love to repeat was Edward, where the blood on the hero's shirt revealed trouble to his mother. Such answers as the "old yaller hound, trailing a deer," and the "little gray nag, ploughing a furrow," precede his confession of the murder of his brother. Individuals sang the Wealthy Young Squire, Lord Vanner's Wife, Pretty Polly, or the Seven King's Daughters, which is really Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, the story of that half-demonic being who was wont to lure away young maids but who was later beaten at his own game. The guilt was known only to the parrot, which suggested Loving Henry. This was originally Young Hunting, the story of the murder of Loving Henry by Lady Margaret, which was revealed by the wily parrot. All of the ladies knew Lord Bateman, or the Turkish Lady. To them it is almost a religious song, altho they never heard of any connection of this hero with Gilbert Becket, father of the Canterbury saint. It contains some delicious modernisations of the young lady going to remind the lover of his promise, who "stamped his foot upon the floor," saying,

*Your daughter came here on a horse and saddle,
And she may return in a chariot, free,
And I'll marry the Turkish lady,
Who has crossed the roaring sea for me.*

We had experienced a wonderful day, the quilt was finished, the ballads copied, when I comprehended some unhappiness in Lizane's mind. Presently, she said she thought 'Mandy oughter sing Little Willie for me.' It was the Twa Brothers, where the interest was not so much in the murder, accidental or committed in passion, as in the grief-stricken mother. Mandy's experiences had been similar, and the friends felt this song was peculiarly her property.

All wept a bit, as she concluded,

*She nearly mourned him out of his grave,
To come home and be with her.*

We went together to funerals, preached during the pleasant weather, although the parties had died during the preceding winter. In one case, a man brought the second wife to the former wife's funeral, and the new lady wept copiously. Having explored Sassafras, Viper and Cutshin Creeks, we next penetrated Troublesome. We were now searching for two young women, whose gift of song had been reported to us. We found the one, recently married, and living in an old log house, ceiled with undressed lumber, and blackened by smoke from the open fire. In order to make it more habitable, she had pasted fresh newspapers all over the walls, and ceiling of this one big room. It amused me as much as it had Joseph Addison—Spectator, number 85, June 7, 1711—and I, like him, felt that I could not, "for my heart, leave a room before I had thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers . . . pasted upon them." On such an occasion, he found the old ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, "one of the darling songs of the common people, and the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age." Isaac Walton, in his Compleat Angler, speaks of "an honest alehouse. . . with ballads stuck about the wall." This young woman was genuinely pleased with our visit, and gave us one ballad we had not heard before on this journey—the Bailiff's Daughter. It was so like the original, that I questioned her about having heard it in the settlement school, or having read it in a ballad collection, but she insisted that none of her "ballets" had ever been in print, 'to her knowledge.' It was that charming.

*There was a youth, a well-loved youth,
And he wuz a squire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter, dear,
That lived in Islington.*

*But she was shy, and wouldn't believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any favorance to him show.*

She had retained the full story of the maid, assuming the guise of a beggar, on the roadside, to discover her lover.

At the suggestion of this friend, we went to seek the other neighbor, whose acquaintance we so desired. Bettie welcomed us and in a few minutes, spread out her collection before us. Her especial contribution was the House Carpenter, really the Daemon Lover, and never did I enjoy hearing it any more than at this time, as she swayed back and forth, in her chair, looking directly out of the door, and apparently unconscious of the listeners.

*We're met, we're met, my own true love,
We're met, we're met, once more,
I've jist returned from the salt, salt, sea,
And it's all fer the love of thee,
It's all fer the love of thee.*

The air is "dolesome," gloomy, cheerless, to suit the false wife, who left her home and family to elope with an old lover. Bettie showed me her prized possessions, kept in her trunk, which she had "heired," a very old copy of King James' Bible, a worn one-volume of Shakespeare, a faded, yellowed copy of Milton, and an old pewter mug, on the "fireboard."

Knowing the fondness of these women for the melodramatic, I continued inquiring for Little Hugh of Lincoln, which women have loved, at least since the days of Chaucer's Prioress, about 1385, when she recited the history of the little chorister, murdered for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, telling the legend so perfectly as to hush even the most boisterous of the pilgrims enroute to Canterbury. Various ones of these women gave snatches of it, but one afternoon, I felt inclined to go some miles into the hills, to visit a weaver, ostensibly to buy some "coverlids." These coverings, usually in blue and white or brown and white, of wool and linen thread, are in the identical patterns their ancestry brought to this country, thus affording another simple proof of the direct connection. Next morning, after the family had breakfasted and departed for the day, the weaver and I sat before the log fire. It had been raining, and now there was a heavy mist over the fields. Suddenly, she said, "It rains a mist." I recalled the first lines as Percy copied them from a Scotch manuscript,

*The rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa,
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune
Quhan they play at the ba'.*

I knew I was hot on the trail, and soon, she was singing her version,

*It rains a mist, it rains a mist,
It rains all over the land,
And all the boys of our town
Went out to play their ball, ball, ball
Went out to play their ball.*

The air was of exceeding weirdness.

*She locked him up in a little tin trunk,
And bade him lie still and sleep, etc.*

And again, when little Hugh did not come home,

*She picked her up a little bark switch,
Went walkin' down the road,
Sayin', "Ef I find my little son, Hugh,
I'll surely ship him home, home, home,
I'll surely ship him home.*

Such localizations give a touch of pathetic humor.

Diligently had I searched for the Twa Sisters, and no one seemed to know it. Finally a very old lady mentioned to me, "A Lord of the Old Country." I was ecstatic, for, after two lines, I recognized it.

*There was a lord, lived in the old country,
Bow down,
There was a lord lived in the old country,
These vows were made to me,
There was a lord lived in the old country,
And he had daughters one, two, three,
I'll be true, true to my love,
If my love will be true to me.*

The "Bow down" was likely a corruption of "Hie down, a-downe." The verses about the harp are rare.

*Long come a harper, fine and fair,
Who strung a harp of her gold hair.*

*The only tune that it did play
was "Woe to my sister, what pushed me in."*

Later I heard it again, with the verses about Johnny's purchases of a "gay gold ring and a beaver hat," etc.

One day a pathetic old lady walked a long distance to see me, for in some way she had been overlooked, and she humbly presented herself to know if I had her song, Lady Gay, the story of the children revisiting their mother after death. This awoke a cell

of Lizane's subconscious brain and she wanted to sing her version of the death of the children and the cruel step-mother, The Greenwood Side, which was really the Cruel Mother. As we discussed my return home, Lizane began singing the Lover's Farewell, really the Lass of Roch Royal, with the pertinent questions about "gloves for the hands, shoes for the feet, and kisses for the rosy red cheeks."

As I returned to modern life and so-called civilization, I realized that the ballads had once again demonstrated the fact, that they spring up in a secret place, in the heart of a silent people, whose soul breathes in their burdens. The words flit from age to age, from lip to lip of a class of the times long dead, that continue nearest the state of natural man. On the whole, they are admirably localized. With all the drudgery and none of the aesthetic, why should they sing of bed-curtains, towers and bowers, chancels, and the traditional merry month of May? And while the first singers may have made "the healths gae round and round, with blude, red wine," these sturdy Saxons find "adrinkin" more expressive of the "moonshine" made and drunk in the mountains. There may be rudeness, but yet also unmannered chivalry in the demand of the groom for real kisses from the bride, instead of confining himself to the rose petals upon her knee. The liberty and daring, as seen in a land of feuds, the sympathy of man for man, the slow, picturesque, never lifeless, never strenuous energy, the free, generous, impulsive mind—all are similar to the native habitat of the ballad. The keeping alive of such verse shows a wholesome and sane effort to meet a needed demand, and is the result of a distinct poetic gift, applied to all subjects and all sorts of spirits, and made most effective when some passionate mind is aroused to expression. As such, they stir one in a strangely intimate fashion, to which artistic verse can rarely attain. This speaking soul is an effective possession, increasing their love for liberty, their endurance, their restraint, and manliness—all expressive of the spirit and vigor of the stock. The ballad is not dead but alive and appealing, not as an individual call but as an outcry from a community of lonely people. ####

(((THE AUTHOR: A NATIVE OF LONDON, KY.. SHE GRADUATED FROM COLUMBIA U., BEFORE TEACHING AT MT. HOLYOKE AND BRYN MAWR. CLOSER HOME, SHE DID MUCH TO AROUSE INTEREST IN BALLADS AMONG BERE A COLLEGE STUDENTS, WHO PREVIOUSLY HAD LITTLE APPRECIATION OF THEIR OWN SONGS. HER UNPUBLISHED COLLECTION OF BALLADS, WHICH RESTS IN THE BERE A LIBRARY, IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE TO STUDENTS BECAUSE SHE WAS ABLE TO SET DOWN THE TUNE AS WELL AS THE WORDS. NOW IN HER EIGHTIES, SHE LIVES IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

South from Hell-fer-Sartin, Roberts, Leonard W., University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, Kentucky, 1955, \$3.75.

SOUTH AND EAST of the creek, colorfully known as Hell-fer-Sartin, in southern Kentucky, lies one of the most rugged areas in the Southern Appalachians. Here Leonard Roberts, himself a native of the mountains, has gathered tales which are still current among the people. Dr. Roberts has done an important and scholarly piece of work in preserving them for us, since, like the old songs, the tales are fast disappearing. The past ten years have seen this remote section growing more accessible, almost by the month.

When Cecil Sharp made his enormous, definitive collection of mountain songs¹ about 40 years ago, he went on foot or by muleback with notebook and pencil. Today the collector can go to most of the same places by car and will find electricity to operate his tape recorder in the humblest homes, but there is still the same quality of easy timelessness as a family gathers around the fire for an evening of talk. In his introduction, telling of a visit to the home of one of his Berea College students, Leonard Roberts shows us the mountain country with its contrasts of old and new, and sets the stage for the tales that follow. One can sense his own unhurried manner, which puts his tale-tellers at their ease, even when confronted with the unfamiliar experience of talking into the microphone of his tape recorder.

The tales themselves range from traditional stories, found in Grimm and other European collections, to jokes, anecdotes, hunting tales, and local legends which have a distinct American mountain flavor.

As is evident in the *Jack Tales* and *Grandfather Tales*,² this present collection shows how new world accretions make a fascinating difference in the old tales. The little tailor who killed "seven at a whack" works in an "office upstairs" and buys his jam sandwich from a "salesman." Since they are direct transcriptions from tape recordings and shorthand notes, the stories furnish a study in mountain speech. The little old lady "took her a nap of sleep" and the boy who threw rocks at a bird, "rocked it." Beside some of the old, old mountain expressions, "he was a phony, a complete phony," is startling, but shows that the mountains are not unaffected by current modes of speech. The old, however, outweighs the new. One of the loveliest expressions I have ever met in the mountains I found in Tale 93. After their father died the boys managed everything all right, "except the lonesomeness the father left behind."

Mountain tale-tellers have the same directness and economy of expression as ballad singers. This laconic style is sometimes disconcerting to the sophisticated ear which is accustomed to more of a dramatic buildup. Some of the stories are extremely well told, by someone with an ear for a well-turned phrase and a fine sense of the

dramatic. However, all people who tell stories are not story tellers, and at times the ending is anti-climactic or completely baffling. Details which should be introduced early are not mentioned until the moment when they are needed to work out the plot, making some of the tales unsatisfying to the reader.

But we have here an important opportunity to study source material given us exactly as the teller presented it. Cecil Sharp handled his vast harvest of songs in the same manner, noting them down exactly as he heard them, even with obvious mistakes where the singer corrupted a word whose meaning he did not know. He did no "correcting" or arranging, giving us, in effect, the opportunity to study from his field notes. Dr. Roberts gives us, along with the tales, exhaustive notes, linking them to parallels in the traditions of other countries.

My feeling about using these tales for telling, is that I should like to study them and tell them in my own way, rather than to use them exactly as they are printed. Here is a rich body of material and the story-teller who is conversant with these stories in other versions can readily build a well-rounded tale which will hold his listeners, just as these tales have done for centuries.

Dr. Roberts is presently head of the Department of Languages at Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky, a pleasant mountain town on the banks of the Cumberland River. ---Dorothy Nace

¹ Sharp, Cecil J., *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, Oxford University Press, 1932, 2 volumes

² Chase, Richard, *Jack Tales and Grandfather Tales*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



Kentucky Story, Summers, Hollis, University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, Kentucky, 1954, \$3.00

ONE OF THE HAPPY SIGNS that we are at last achieving a national maturity is the fact that sectional publications no longer must be either fiercely regionalistic or quaintly exotic. A prime example of this new type publication is *Kentucky Story*, a collection of 15 short stories by Kentucky writers, edited by Hollis Summers, who might well have included some of his own work in the volume had he not been so modest an editor. It can be read with joy by Americans anywhere in the country.

Of particular interest to readers of this magazine are the half-dozen stories dealing with mountain people. For example, it is fascinating to see the remarkable difference in style between "Courtin' on Cutshin" by John Fox, Jr., written almost a half-century ago, and "Dawn of

Remembered Spring" by Jesse Stuart, or "Mrs. Razor," by James Still.

Fox tells his story of two over-aged would-be lovers in the straightforward style that savors of the ambeer and shavings of a mountain courthouse yard, where, indeed, he could well have heard just such a story among the chuckles and guffaws of the bench-sitters. The mountain dialect, however, seems to get in the way of the story. While Fox undoubtedly had a sensitive ear to pick up the mountain speech in all its quaintness, the very authenticity makes the story a museum piece.

Both Stuart and Still, on the other hand, have probed deep into the sensitive souls of children to produce hauntingly beautiful tales that are universal in their beauty and appreciation. Each in its own way causes a bitter-sweet catch in the heart, both from the present beauty of the writing, and from the sudden return of remembered childhood.

One of the most exciting surprises in the book is Lucy Furman's "An Experience on the Dress Line," a new story to this reviewer, about the struggles of a dressmaker who suddenly is thrown into a religious conflict when a bride asks for puffed sleeves on her wedding dress. Miss Furman gave many years of her life to the mountain region, assisting Katherine Petit in her educational work in the Kentucky mountains.

Fortunately the editor did not attempt to make a "mountain" or a "Blue Grass" book out of this publication, but included writers from all parts of the state. Indeed, two of the finest stories in the book "Snake Doctor," and "Children of Noah" are river-country stories. Actually there is not a poor story in the book, and if a stranger came into the state asking to learn about its people, I know of no better way of starting his education than handing him a copy of this book. ####

Smokey Says:



It will take many years before the forest is back in good production.

Smokey Says:



Do your part—don't let it start!

A SORT OF OPEN LETTER from the editor about several things, including the fact that...

Billy Edd Wheeler

Is New Managing Editor

NOTHING IS MORE boring than a publication that spends its time and space in preoccupation with itself, so we have assiduously avoided this editorial temptation during the past five years. However, you will pardon us if we indulge in it a bit now.



Beginning with the next issue, the masthead will read: Billy Edd Wheeler, Managing Editor. When the chance came for us to study a year in the University of Copenhagen, we could hardly turn it down, even though it meant giving up the editorship of one of our favorite magazines. Fortunately, there was no real problem involved in filling the editor's chair, for Billy Edd not only brings high professional qualifications to the job, but he has an artist's eye and a poet's touch in dealing with illustrations and words.

A graduate of Berea College last June, the new editor comes from Highcoal, Boone County, West Virginia. Not only has he done editorial work in college, but he has written both feature copy and poetry for publication.

As a sample of his artistic eye, take another look at the cover picture. Billy Edd had never used a camera until he decided to buy one just three weeks ago, but so quickly does he learn that he produced the cover shot on the third roll of film he exposed! We predict that he will some day be noted for his pictures of life in the Southern Highlands.

At twenty-two, Billy Edd has already written four plays that have been produced by college groups, and he is increasingly in demand as a folk singer, and we don't mean "hill-billy." He is a

product of the region and understands well the opportunities as well as the problems of the Highlands.

During the last summer Billy Edd had a principal role in WILDERNESS ROAD, the outdoor drama at Berea. He will be working on the Drama staff during the year in addition to his job as editor of this magazine.

You may look forward to unaccustomed touches of editorial and artistic excellence in future issues of MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK.

And while we are about it, perhaps we should mention a bit about the magazine itself. As the "old-timers" among our subscribers know, we were for many years a high-quality slick—in those long-dead days when fine printing was still within reach of even modest budgets. An annual grant from a foundation made it possible to publish the magazine in its former format.

With the end of our subsidy in 1949 and a rise in printing costs at the same time, the situation looked as bleak as Old Baldy in January. Fortunately the Council was willing to experiment and to risk the last of the subsidy funds in putting out a more modestly printed publication.

Today, five years later, we are still alive, and—surprisingly—still in the black. This is due to your support as subscribers, to the increasing number of tourists—bless them—who are buying copies "over the counter" and to our advertisers who have been so patient with us.

The magazine is now published by the photo-offset process which not only offers great economy but also makes possible the large number of illustrations we use. The offset process shortcuts the linotype and cutmaking used in usual printing processes. Most of the pages in this issue, including this one for example, were set on the IBM electric typewriter. To save tempers, time, and trouble (which all adds up to saving money) we went back to the practice among the earliest printers of not "justifying" the right margin of our page. Since none of you has ever objected to this, we assume that it is acceptable, and for this we are glad, for it means that composition costs are cut in half.

The great advantage of offset, of course, is the economy in using illustrations of all sorts. No cuts or plates are necessary for line drawings or photographs. All copy is prepared in our office and then sent off to the printer, who photographs each page and then makes a thin metal plate for the print job.

More important than the process we use is the editorial philosophy behind our publication. We believe that our way of life in the Southern Mountains is both interesting and valuable, and that

it deserves to be written about. We believe that the region is one of great opportunities and that as we solve some of the problems of our area, it will be one of the most dynamic and creative sections of our nation. Just as we believe our Highlands have much to give to the rest of America, so we believe that we here can learn much from other places. It is our hope that this magazine both interprets the region to those outside it and serves as a vehicle for bringing new ideas and concepts into the area.

As the official publication of the Council of the Southern Mountains, we have a unique function within that organization, but like the Council, our view is universal rather than parochial. We applaud every good thing happening in the region, no matter what the source of it might be.

In looking back through the growing file—twenty issues in our new format—we shudder at some of the bloopers we have pulled, but we are lifted up by the remembrance of your kindness in believing that the next issue might be better. Your patience has been extraordinary while we learned through our mistakes. Our warmest thanks to you.

And now we shall join the rest of you who casually receive your copy of MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK in the mail some morning. Some blustery day in Copenhagen we shall receive a copy, and after breathing a sigh of sympathy for Billy Edd, busily engaged in meeting his next deadline, we shall quickly flip through it before laying it aside until "we have more time. . ."

Sincerely,

Chad Drake

P.S. We still need more subscribers and new advertisers. If each of you would get just one additional member for the Council, we would be able to enlarge the scope and worth of the magazine immediately. Cd

STAFF NEEDS

((((((((The Council of Southern Mountain Workers gives assistance in discovering, for institutions and programs, trained workers who have a genuine desire to serve where they are most needed. The Council also endeavors to provide the names and brief data about people who are seeking such opportunities.

Such an exchange of information about program needs and available personnel will be publicized in this magazine whenever possible, free of charge.

While the Council endeavors to use discretion in this publicity, it cannot imply more than the bare facts herein stated. Investigation of individual qualifications and evaluation of recommendations must be considered the responsibility of those who find this service of help in their search.

Some of these positions may have been filled by the time you read this, but at press time the following places were open.

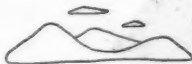
Widow wants work in school or other institution where her ten-year old son can go to school in the fifth grade and be with her. High school training, and clerk and factory experience. References sent on request. Write Council office.

Public School Music teacher needed immediately. Write Mr. John P. Tyson, Executive Secretary, Kate Duncan Smith DAR School, Grant, Alabama.

Publicity worker needed for Pine Mountain School. Planning of brochures, supervision of publicity mailings. General correspondence. Part-time secretarial work (Dictaphone transcription). To take over by or before December 1. Write Burton Rogers, Pine Mountain, Kentucky.

WANTED: Position as arts and crafts instructor. Master's degree in crafts from Univ. of Tenn., with minor in education and related art. Experience with Girl Scout groups and Summer Camps. Write Evelyn Pearson, 1204 Woodcrest Dr., Knoxville 18, Tenn.

Couple would like to work in Highland Area. Husband is librarian and wife teaches in junior high school. Both are active in craft field. For additional information about couple write Dean George E. Riday, Alderson-Broaddus College, Philippi, West Virginia.



If you would like to subscribe to this magazine, fill in your name and address on the form below, and send with \$1.00 to the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, Box 2000, College Station, Berea, Kentucky.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Active individual membership	\$ 3.00 to 4.00 _____
Supporting membership	5.00 to 24.00 _____
Sustaining membership	25.00 or more _____
Institutional membership	5.00 or more _____

--Subscription to N.L.S. W. included in all memberships--

I do not wish to join or subscribe at the moment, but I do wish to be kept informed about the program of the Council _____

Additional questions and comments _____

(Please detach and mail to Box 2000, Berea College, Berea, Ky.)

THE COUNCIL OF SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS works to share the best traditions and human resources of the Appalachian Region with the rest of the nation. It also seeks to help solve some of the peculiar educational, social, spiritual and cultural needs of this mountain territory. It works through and with schools, churches, medical centers and other institutions, and by means of sincere and able individuals both within and outside the area.

--Participation is invited on the above bases--



For Members!

According to our records, your membership and/or subscription appears to have expired as indicated. We are continuing to send you current issues in the belief that you do not wish us to drop you from our membership. We would appreciate your reaffiliation upon whatever basis you wish.

IF THIS
CORNER IS NOT
TURNED UP, YOUR
AFFILIATION IS UP TO DATE!